

Untimely Meditations

Saul Williams

The fiery sun of my passions
Evaporates the love lakes of my soul
Clouds my thoughts and rains you into existence
As I take flight on bolts of lightning
Claiming chaos as my concubine and you as my me

I of the storm you of the sea
We of the moon land of the free
What have I done to deserve this? am I happy?
Happiness is a mediocre sin set for a middle-class existence
I see through smiles and smell truth in the distance
Beyond one dimensional smiles and laughter
Lies are hereafter where tears echo laughter
You'd have to do math to divide a smile

By a tear times fear equals mere truth.
I simply delve in the air and if that's the case,
All I have to breath and all else will follow,
That's why drums are hollow, and I like drums drums

Are good but I can't think straight
I lack the attention span to meditate
My attention spans galaxies here and now are immense
Seconds are secular, moments are mine,

Self is illusion, music's divine.
Noosed by the strings of jimmy's guitar
I swing purple hazed pendulum
Hypnotizing the part of I that never dies

Look into my eyes are the windows of the soul.
It's fried chicken collies and cornbread,
Its corn milk flour sour cream eggs and oil.
Its the stolen blood of the earth

Used to make cars run and kill the fish.
Who me? I play scales.
The scales of dead fish of oil slicked seas
My sister blows wind through the hollows of fallen tress

And we are the echoes of eternity,
Echoes of eternity, echoes of eternity maybe you heard of us,
We do rebirths, revokes and resurrections
We threw basement parties in pyramids

I left my tag on the wall,
The beats would echo of the stone
And solidify into the form of light bulbs,
Destined to light of the heads of future generations

They're releasing it up in the form of OM.
Maybe you heard of us.
If not then you must be trying to hear us,
In such cases we can't be heard

We remain in the darkness unseen,
In the center of unpeeled bananas we exist uncolored by perception,

Clothed to the naked eye,
Five senses cannot sense the fact of our existence

And that's the only fact,
In fact there are no facts, fax me a fact and I'll telegram
I'll hologram I'll telephone the son of man and tell him he is done.
Leave a message on his answering machine

Telling him there are none.
God and I are one.
Times moon times star times sun,
The factor is me, you remember me,

I slung amethyst rocks on Saturn blocks
'Til I got caught up by earthling cops.
They wanted me for their army or whatever.
Picture me, I swirl like the wind tempting tomorrow to be today,

Tiptoeing the fine line between everything and everything else.
I am simply Saturn swirling sevenths through sooth
The sole living air of air and I, and, and all else follows.
Reverberating the space inside of drum hollows.

Package and bottles and chips
And tomorrow then sold to the highest nigga.
I swing to the tallest tree,
Lynched by the lowest branches of me

Praying that my physical will set me free
Cause I'm afraid that all else is vanity
Mere language is profanity,
I'd rather hum or have my soul tattooed to my tongue

And let the scriptures be sung in gibberish
As words be simple fish in my soulquarium.
And intellect can't swim so I stopped combing my mind
So my thoughts could lock.

I'm tired of trying to understand.
Perceptions are mangled matted and knotted anyway.
Life is more than what meet the eye and I,
So elevate I to the third and even that shit seems absurd

And your thoughts leave you third (eye)solated.
No man is an island but I often feel alone,
So I find peace through OM.